

Clarks, The "Talk Of The Town"

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We grew up not far from here
An oaky street, the country air
Porch lights, breezy nights
Dreaming dreams of that girl so right

Stand by her window when, the moon would rise
And put her to bed, with my eyes
Climbed a tree to get a better view
I loved the girl, I never really knew

She's the talk of the town (This town, this town)
Talk of the town (This town, this town)

White lace, the sun would shine
Her Easter suit, pretending she was mine
On holidays we'd meet in church
At the sign of peace, for her I'd search

She worked in town, at the five and dime
And I'd dig for change, so I could stay in line
My knees would shake, when I thought I'd meet her
Cherry cola, palm sweating fever

She's the talk of the town (This town, this town)
Talk of the town (This town, this town)

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Older now, moved and gone
I think of her, and what went wrong
It seemed so right, It's just as well
She was twice my age, when I was twelve

She's the talk of the town (This town, this town)
Talk of the town (This town, this town)
Talk of the town (This town, this town)

